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FLIGHTS OF FANCY,

O R

Poetical Effusions,

By a LADY,

Late of MITCHAM, in the COUNTY

OF SURRY.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following lines were written by the Author for her amusement in her hours of leisure, and of course she did not originally intend that they ever should have the honor of public inspection; but her friends having been pleased to think that they contain some degree of merit, she has therefore ventured to publish them, and humbly solicits the candor of those generous friends and the public.

F L I G H T S O F F A N C Y;

O R

P O E T I C A L E F F U S I O N S.

By a L A D Y, late of MITCHAM, in the COUNTY of SURRY.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY;
OR
POETICAL EFFUSIONS.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A PARTICULAR FRIEND.

AUGUST 1st, 1791.

ON subjects high and trivial themes,
I've exercis'd my pen;
And sometimes touch'd the wide extremes,
Of great and little men.

Of nature and her loveliness,
I've try'd to speak with art;
And thought 'twas easy to express,
The dictates of the heart.

But soon convinc'd of friendship's power,
I found my maxim wrong;
My heart confess'd the happy hour,
But falter'd on my tongue.

A

My

My Friend is all my wish can frame,
 Sincere and good and kind ;
 His bosom holds the purest flame,
 His soul his all refin'd.

A LETTER IN VERSE TO A GENTLEMAN IN
 ANSWER TO HIS.

MAY many happy years attend,
 On him who is *Olivia's* friend ;
 Your plan of life, I much approve,
 Spent in religion and in love ;
 To rise by eight, is somewhat soon,
 But better so than sleep till noon ;
 I'd give up luxury, and riot,
 For sweet content, and simple diet.
 The Lady, Sir, I wish to know,
 Which you confess you value so,
 By I--- and Y--- I can't discover,
 To whom you are so true a lover,
 Are you so overcome by Cupid,
 To quite forget that I am stupid,
 Since you have rais'd my expectation,
 Pray don't refuse an explanation ;
 And it shall be my ardent prayer,
 That you may gain the matchless fair---
 A Christmas-kiss I cannot send,

That

That season, Sir, is at an end:
 Besides excuse this frank confession,
 On paper they make 'no impression,
 And pity 'tis methinks you say
 My kisses should be thrown away.

P. S. If to oblige is your desire,
 Pray put this nonsense in the fire,
 Believe me 'tis my only aim,
 By writing verse to raise a flame.

VERSES address'd to an OXONIAN.
 A SATIRE.

WITH blushes, Sir, I must confess,
 I am so charm'd with your address,
 It is in vain for to conceal,
 A passion which I here reveal;
 Such softness with such sweetness join'd---
 And then your wit is so refin'd,
 Your delicacy I admire,
 Not dancing will make you perspire,
 Oh! what a charming composition!
 Of sense, of eloquence, of erudition;
 To one who is a bright Oxonian,
 I must appear a simple-tonian,
 Yet am ambitious to excell,

A Nymph whose call'd your favorite **Bell*;
 I pray now tell me is it true,
 That you love her and she loves you---
 With doubts and fears, I am involv'd,
 Till you this question have resolv'd---
Philander's charming shape and air,
 With R——d's, R——d's can't compare:
 Your pleasing face is so enchanting,
 When you the minuet are dancing,
 And then the flying of your bag,
 Makes you look so like an arch wag,
 I think a smile of approbation,
 Cannot be thought a defamation;
 Your gentle movement in advancing,
 To Ladies in the country-dancing,
 The easy hop belongs to you,
 A hop that's equall'd but by few;
 And every thing in short inspires,
 O Muses! Muses! tune your lyres!
 That I'm in raptures 'tis in vain to tell,
 You are a Beau, but I am not a *Belle*.

* The Gentleman's favorite Lady.

UPON MR. NASH'S LOSING THE ELECTION AT
C O V E N T R Y.

HAVE done with your skits, upon *Nash's* Election,
 'Tis cruel---nay hard---who can bear such de-
 traction,

But alas! 'tis with him, as this box in my drawer's,
 It once was thought perfect, tho' now many flaws;
 For this has receiv'd, a most terrible blow,
 And to what was it owing? by its falling too * *Lowe*,
 To do it this mischief I did not intend,
 And tho' 'twas a blow, yet it came from a *friend*.

* The Gentleman's name who occasioned Mr. NASH to lose his
 Election, altho' his friend.

Address'd to the Gentlemen of the BILL of RIGHTS,
 on their damning the Comedy of

"A W O R D to the W I S E."

LET anger subside, and no quarrels arise,
 What harm can there be in *A Word to the Wife*;
 But I to oblige will reverse † *Kelly's* rules,
 And say in return here's---A Word to the Fools.

† The Person who wrote the Play.

Address'd by desire, to her Grace the Dutches of Marl-
borough, on her presenting an Infant with a Toy.

YOUR goodnels, greatness, all conspire,
 To make me honor and admire,
 And think I am oblig'd to show

Your

Your grace, the gratitude I owe.
 My Child unknowing of it's joy,
 Without due thanks receiv'd your toy :
 But for my infant let me plead,
 The mother begs to intercede,
 And finds a pleasure in this thought,
 You'll not stifle innocence a fault.
 This notion I with joy suspend,
 You are it's Patron, and it's Friend.

T O T H E S A M E.

WILL gracious Marlbro' deign to smile once more,
 On whom her goodness such rich influence bore?
 Embolden'd by those marks of kind regard,
 Once more I venture tho' the task be hard :
 Too great a height my faint expression sought,
 And falls beneath my subject and my thought.
 Gratitude prompts,—yet bids me to beware;
 How shall I write?—yet how shall I forbear!
 Great Marlbro's favors teach the dumb to sing,
 Love, honor, and respect attempt the string.
 'Twas ever hers with gentle hand to aid,
 What zeal dictated, and what duty paid :
 This makes ambition stray o'er reasons bound,
 In hopes to be with a free pardon crown'd.
 Nor wonder gracious Lady, why a Bard,
 (Whom frowning fortune seem'd to disregard)

Meeting your Grace's patronage, where all
 A mother's fondest hopes must stand or fall;
 Should with the pleasing thoughts her bosom warm'd,
 Aw'd by the virtues, by the graces charm'd,
 Presume those soft sensations to impart,
 And hope for shelter, in that noble heart,
 From whence those fair exalted actions flow,
 Whose great examples teach mankind to know,
 How much of heav'n superior minds may prove,
 And the high bliss that crown's a mutual love.---
 May fav'ring heav'n its richest gifts bestow,
 And health and glory crown great Marlbro's brow!
 May knowledge, with distinguish'd lustre shine,
 In Spencer's noble and illustrious Line!
 May she who now inspires my pen to write,
 (Whose power and charms, mix wonder with delight)
 Taste every blessing that this earth supplies
 Unmixt, till she ascends her native skies!
 May kindred angels be her constant guard,
 And from her bosom every danger ward!
 And may her offspring, with like pow'r possess
 Her mind; and be their chief delight to bless.

LINES upon seeing a GENTLEMAN'S PICTURE,
 whose name is WHITE.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

A faultless picture, yet the likeness just!
A character like this, you sure may trust;

B

And

And if the face resembles but the mind,
 I will pronounce him, generous, good, and kind:
 Some painters flatter, yet you own to me,
 He really is, what he appears to be:
 If so my friend you may indeed rejoice,
 And have just cause to glory in your choice---
 Excuse this thought, nor call me too severe---
 Few modern swains prove what they do appear;
 Which makes me cautious how I choose a mate,
 The trial is, when in the marriage state.
 Our charms when single flatterers set to view,
 And partial to ourselves we think it true.
 But change the scene, and see the pair unite,
 Lost are those charms which once gave such delight;
 'Tis hard to please however great our aim,
 For adoration then is turn'd to blame.
 But still don't let such dang'rous thoughts afright,
 You'll find no blemish in a spotless "White.

ON A PRETENDED DUEL.

TWO gentlemen the other day,
 About a lady had a fray;
 One party was inclin'd---tho' cruel,
 To end this matter in a duel.
 The *Ensign*—I will not dissemble,
 At hearing this began to tremble,
 And in the greatest palpitation,
 Says, Sir, I'll make you compensation

In

In any thing you think is right---
 Swear, lie, or steal, but will not fight.
 I wear a sword 'tis very true,
 But then I'd scorn to run you through---
 This morning looking at the blade,
 I fainted like a simple maid,
 But with the help of eau de lu
 It instantly did bring me too;
 I never more will leave my room,
 Without some essence or perfume,
 And keep my sword within its case,
 It is by far the properest place;
 I love to see it by my side;
 With what a pretty bow it's ty'd!
 That sword knot which you now behold,
 Believe me, Sir, is white and gold,
 'Twas sent me by a doating fair,
 Whom I despise I do declare,
 But told her once a different story
 Which she believ'd---in this I glory---
 My scarlet coat has such attractions,
 The Ladies think me all perfections;
 I have indeed my share of merit,
 But cannot help the want of spirit.
 On hearing this the matter ends,
 And the two *Heroes* parted friends.

TO A L A D Y.

SINCE you are pleas'd my writings to commend,
 They shall continue to oblige my friend;
 I want not subject when inspir'd by you,
 To give to virtue what is virtue's due.
 Of all perfections that we can inherit,
 None sure deserves to be esteem'd like merit:
 This when adorn'd with innocence and youth,
 And guided by sincerity and truth,
 Must charm all hearts the great, the good, the wise,
 Age will admire and youth must Idolize;
 Maternal kindness all your looks disclose,
 And the fond wife your every action shews.
 May you, your present blessings long enjoy,
 And health restore to you, your lovely boy;
 But if it be the wise decree of fate,
 And God shou'd place him in a happier state,
 Let due submission make your burden light,
 And think with *Pope* "whatever is, is right."

ACROSTIC ON A LADY, BY DESIRE.

MAY the dear Nymph to whom these lines are
 pen'd,
 In me behold a favorite and a friend:
 Such charms as thine must sure all hearts engage.
 Surprising merits in this giddy age.
 Sincerity that charming gift of heav'n,
 And sweet complacency to her is giv'n.

Learn

Learn all ye fair to copy from her plan,
 Lov'd by our sex, and idoliz'd by man,
 You see her name and gain her if you can.

First like herself you must be free from art,
 Unless you mean to lose that prize her heart;
 Her sprightly wit will baffle all your skill;
 Remember this to promise and fulfill.

SAYS James to Olivia, I vow and declare,
 My pleasure consists in my beautiful mare,
 And will you believe it? the loss of her life,
 Would give me more trouble by far than a wife.
 To this she replies in an angry mood,
 Your last observation is monst'rous rude,
 What perfection has she for I know of none.
 Pray Madam reflect—that creature is dumb.

*To a Lady who sent a Gentleman a Wax Doll, recom-
 mending it as a proper Wife for him.*

WROTE BY DESIRE.

BELIEVE what I say, for I will not dissemble,
 This fine painted Doll, does your image resemble;
 It strikes at first sight, but on further inspection,
 Like yourself I must own, it is free from perfection;
 Your wit I confess you did greatly display,

In

In sending this trifle on Valentine's day;
 And was I oblig'd to be settl'd for life,
 Of the two, little doll, I wou'd take for my wife.
 Perhaps you may wonder, and laugh at my choice,
 But to have a dumb wife, many men would rejoice,
 For they say women's tongues are addicted to satire,
 And in you I've discover'd a deal of ill-nature,
 I'll marry a woman with goodness and candour,
 But won't be united to *malice* and *slander*.

LINES ADDRESS'D TO MR. F——,

MOST gladly Sir, I would have paid,
 To you the glats of lemonade;
 But ah! alas fate did decree,
 That what I wish'd, was not to be;
 It shall not give too much vexation,
 As pleasure consists in expectation,
 And now the pleasing scene is o'er
 I am but where I was before,
 Yet e'er another moon is fled,
 I'll have a cap as well as head,
 Then with permission will advance,
 And caper down the country-dance,
 You sure will spare a moment's time
 To answer Sir, a Lady's rhyme.

Same

Some Lines in answer to a Gentleman who wrote a Love-Epistle to Theodora, and at the same time was particularly engaged to another.

Signed,

A Bashful Lover.

THESE lines address'd to me, there must be
some mistake, .

What's not my own I have no right to take,

Among my swains, I never could discover,

Justly intitled, Sir, "A Bashful Lover."

I will not flatter, what I say is true

They are believe me, the reverse of you ;

And all the knowledge which I can reveal,

Proceeds from the impresson of the seal,

This must be yours—I certainly am right,

The well adapted Motto——is Unite.

ADDRESSED TO TWO BACHANALS ON THE HILLS.

SAYS Theodora, one day in a violent rage,

'Tis dreadful to live in this impudent age,

The men so mis-construe our words and our actions

What is real virtues, they stile imperfections.

From indelicate language, if a blush should arise,

They infer with a sneer——Theodora is wise ;

If unnotic'd 'tis past, and she shews no confusion—

Without more ado they draw this conclusion—

That she to a Husband, wou'd have no objection,

In this they're right——'twas a noble reflection.

A Dialogue between two persons of M——

I'VE heard a tale perhaps not true,
 Don't speak it, and I'll tell it you.
 On this you surely may depend,
 I never will betray my friend.
 'Tis said a youth does much admire
 The daughter of a neighbouring 'squire.
 Is this the secret you disclose!
 Believe me all the village knows;
 'Tis likewise said without a doubt,
 That by Miss N——'twas brought about.
 It may be so—I've heard it said,
 She's famous for a scheming head.
 I hope that they approve her plan.
 Who is he pray? what kind of man?
 If on report we may depend,
 His character they much commend;
 But the objection that is made,
 Is this—the youth is in a trade,
 And strange it is he should aspire;
 To wed the daughter of the 'squire.
 Suppose he has ten thousand pound,
 A Grocer!—what a vulgar sound.
 Friend give me leave to speak a word—
 Your doctrine is quite absurd,
 Possess'd of fortune, and of merit—
 All they can wish he does inherit!
 And this must be the general voice—
 "The Lady's made a prudent choice".

Perhaps

Perhaps a title they might wish---
 The first of titles must be this---
 Let prejudice say what it can,
 The best of names an honest man :
 To many folks in higher station,
 We cannot give that appellation.
 What you observe is very true,
 Yet this concerns not me or you.
 Rogues you will find in all degrees.---
 Her father, Sir, she ought to please ;
 And free from love she had been still,
 But for that vixen at the mill.——
 You must excuse this free expression,
 But sure, the Lady wants discretion !
 Well, well,---to speak the honest truth,
 We all had follies in our youth ;
 But rather than increase your spite,
 I'll take my leave---and so good night.

A Dialogue between two Gentlemen.

RISE, W——r, I am in a hurry
 To make a visit into Surry.
 On such a day! why, *James*, you're crazy---
 To follow hounds, I'm much too lazy.---
 No just to take a gentle ride ;
 I'll shew you my intended bride.
 The marriage pill's a bitter potion
 You won't digest it, I've a notion ;

C

But

But stay a moment, I'll attend,
 As the request is from a friend.
 They then the journey did pursue,
 And this discourse again renew.
 But tell me, H-----r, I protest,
 I really think you are in jest,
 The rain increas'es, clouds arise,
 Do pray, return, for once be wise,
 Good God ! Well, what is now the matter ?
 The horse, a toad, how he does spatter !
 'Tis scandalous, I must confess,
 To visit ladies in this dress.---
 Don't let such trifles you enrage,
 Consider, 'tis a spatt'ring age,
 Do take with patience, Sir, your share,
 Believe me, 'tis but neighbours fare.
 The village then appears in view,
 There's M-----m, what are we to do.---
 Proceed unto our journey's end,
 O----'s my convenient friend.
 O-----a, a romantic name !
 The Lady, Sir, is just the same,
 At present I shall say no more,
 Her history you've heard before.
 The visit short, which was expedient,
 They left us, with your most obedient.---
 Well, W-----r, what have you to say ?
 On her who's stole my heart away.---
 She has ten thousand sweet attractions,
 And merits sure, your best affections

Yet still, methinks, it gives me pain,
 Well knowing you're a fickle swain.--
 I once was so, but now protest,
 Of all the nymphs, I love her best,
 On thoughts like these, have no alarms,
 I'll die a martyr to her charms.

*Addressed to a Gentlemen who wrote some Lines in Blue
 Ink, and compared his Love to the Colour, which changed
 in a few Hours to Green.*

THOSE who depend, are gen'rally deceiv'd,
 Like man you swore, like woman I believ'd,
 That constant as true-blue, you had been steady,
 Alas, my heart ! the colour's chang'd already,
 Yet oft similitudes shew what we mean,
 We'll change the lover's-blue to ever-green.

ADDRESS'D TO THE REV. MR. B——Y.

IN prose and verse your genius shines :
 Ingratitude's the worst of crimes ;
 What obligations then are due
 For me to write ? but write to you !
 This thought alarms ! What can I say ?
 I fling in rage the scrawl away :

But

But yet, methinks, I won't be rude,
 Nor guilty of ingratitude :
 Tho' critics sometimes are severe,
 I hope *Olivia* you will spare.
 On Surry's plains you wish to go,
Eliza's gone ! Oh, heartfelt woe !
 Our friend, our fav'rite is no more !
 Nor M——m what it was before ;
 The hills a diff'rent prospect wear,
 The meadows pleas'd when she was there.—
 But C——r's left your second flame,
 I know you love that charming name ;
 You that have heard her melting voice,
 Are deaf to ev'ry ruder noise :
 You that have gaz'd upon her face,
 Are blind to ev'ry meaner grace.
 This compliment to C——r meant,
 By some mistake to me was sent ;
 'Tis plain. I don't so much as share it,
 The cap won't fit, so I can't wear it.

SONG COMPOSED (BY DESIRE) TO CELEBRATE THE
 NUPTIALS OF MR. AND MRS. D.

LET us the happy day prolong,
 In sentiment, in toasts, and song,
 Nor ought disturb this present joy,
 So great our bliss, what can annoy.

CHORUS

C H O R U S.

To *Hymen's* altar haste away,
And crown your joys without delay ;
Connubial love must sure bestow,
The greatest happiness below.

II.

Tho' some prefer a single life,
And scenes of riot to a wife :
The libertine has oft confest,
'Tis unsubstantial bliss at best.

To *Hymen's* altar, &c.

III.

When hands and hearts in love unite,
What transports blended with delight !
And in the present pair we see,
The sweets of true felicity.

To *Hymen's* altar, &c.

ADDRESSED TO S. B. ESQ.

WHY in your breast these strange alarms,
Occasion'd all by *Delia's* charms ?

I really wish you ev'ry blessing ;
She is a treasure worth possessing.
In all respects I'll be your friend,
But on dear *Delia* don't depend :

I fear I shall increase your spleen,
 But think on fifty and fifteen !
 Unless perchance, this blooming fair,
 Should like your pretty head of hair ;
 As miracles will never cease,
 Reflect on this, and be at peace.
 Those virtues I can recollect,
 In telling, I'll be circumspect ;
 Some commendations may be due,
 At least, I'll rummage out a few.
 You know I'm fertile at Invention,
 And might approve my kind intention ;
 But if I must advise my friend,
 The widow I would recommend ;
 Had it been twenty years ago,
 When you was young (tho' not a beau)
 The damsel then, thro' mere compassion,
 Might wed a *Being out of fashion* ;
 But if you chuse to make the trial,
 And take the chance of a denial,
 Why Sir, I've only this to say,
 Let not my hints obstruct the way,
 You must excuse Olivia joking,
 Who is both faucy and provoking.

ON A CERTAIN ELECTION.

IT is to my mind a most pleasing reflection,
 That V——t and S——n have gain'd their
 Election;

As

As the good of the County, I think will be owing
 To their judgment in voting for V——t and S——n,
 At the close of the poll a Clown cries “dads buds,
 “I fear Master M——y is quite in the fuds,”
 Sir Joseph I answered with all his demerits,
 Philosopher like will still keep up his *spirits*;
 At least he is altered as some time ago,
 I can’t recollect they were ever too low.

* He was a Distiller.

LINES on Mr. WEDDERBURN.

DOES generous Wedderburn assert our cause!
 What can I say to render due applause!---
 Relate my tale, by which the world may see,
 What goodness, kindness, he has shown to me,
 Like flies entangled in a spiders web,
 Our joys were blasted and our hopes were fled,
 Our minds beset with every anxious care,
 Endeavouring to escape the fatal snare:
 When Wedderburn appear’d—how chang’d the view!
 The cobweb burst, the Spiders all withdrew,
 And tho’ conceal’d within their snug retreat,
 Do like a subject, at their Sov’reign peep.
 But we again our liberty enjoy,
 His wisdom does their unjust schemes destroy,
 And since from bondage he has set us free,
 We’ll not regard the artifice of L - - ,

Exert

Exert your skill, and struggle all you can,
 You'll prove an *insect* unto such a man.
 So to some safer corner haste away,
 And spin your web in hopes of other prey,
 In these designs you never can succeed,
 While we have got a Wedderburn to plead.

To Miss ——.

I TRACE the garden---view the leafless trees---
 In *Charlotte's* absence nothing find to please;
 The trembling tear steals softly from my eye,
 And snow-drops droop because she is not nigh:
 Yet hope removes the anguish of my breast---
 The scene may change---*Olivia* may be blest---
 What now appears so dismal to the sight,
 May be productive of as great delight:
 I won't despair, the blessing heav'n may send
 I crave no more than living with my friend,
 In chearful converse we shou'd pass the day,
 The hours I think wou'd glide too swift away,
 But in this space---shou'd *Charlotte* change her mind
 How great the shock! — she can't be so unkind---
 My merits don't deserve so good a friend,
 Yet on her love and honor I depend.

To

To Miss B—— on FRIENDSHIP.

I.

IN this retir'd place where silence reigns,
My inmost thoughts to *Charlotte* I'll rehearse
She oft has ask'd in supplicating strains,
To dedicate to her my humble verse.

II.

Presumptive hope! to think I can amuse
Yet still my friend I boldly will attempt,
I know your candour can my faults excuse,
Nor shall my fears the arduous task prevent.

III.

Friendship's the theme on which I must enlarge,
A subject proper for a B——'s quill;
Yet still *Olivia* won't forget her charge,
And what she has promis'd ever will fulfill---

IV.

That balm of life—that sweet'ner of woe---
That firm support on whom it does attend;
True friendship is the source of bliss below---
I've sought it long and now it does befriend.

V.

By ev'ry gen'rous act and noble deed,
The virtues of it I in *Charlotte* find,
The genuine springs her bosom does contain,
'Tis there enclos'd with all the merits join'd,

D

Did

Did I possess perfections such as these,
 I might entitl'd to her kindness be;
 Yet the reverse don't lessen her regard,
 Oh, sacred friendship! what I owe to thee!

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FAMILY ON RECEIVING A
 MOURNING RING.

THIS token of regard from our departed friend,
 Claims an acknowledgment which I will send,
 A solemn subject to a feeling breast,
 But tears must cease, Diana is at rest;
 Let this reflection moderate your grief,
 Should we repine at what gives her relief;
 Her pain and languish terminates in death,
 With resignation she resigns her breath,
 And in th' assurance of her Saviour's love,
 Flies to receive the promis'd joys above.
 Let her example teach us all to know,
 The good effects that from such virtue flow,
 Not unprepar'd tho' early snatch'd away,
 She saw approaching death and her decay;
 A pleasing thought to all that's left behind,
 To wish her here a friend must be unkind;
 Yet stubborn nature ever prone to ill,
 For selfish views might hope to have her still;
 Few so sincere, compassionate and kind,
 But she is happy let us be resign'd.

LINES ADDRESSED TO STREPHON,

YOUR droll Epistle, sent without a name,
Requires an answer from a fertile brain:————

Of this alas! Olivia cannot boast,
But as you lash, she in return will roast;
First to begin upon the ladies dress,
Your thoughts good Sir, most freely you express,
Some of our failings, you might sure conceal,
And not expose us quite from head to heal:
But since 'tis so my genius I'll display,
And dress you in the fashionable way;
Pomatus and perfumes, you have your share,
As well as creeping things about your hair;
You wear your Swords, and glory in parade,
Display the hilt, but never show the blade;
And when you trace the fashionable rooms,
Are like the Ladies oft in borrow'd plumes;
Tis sure ungrateful when we aim to please,
To satirize us in such lines as these,
The men so simple in this trifling age,
We take that method which can most engage;
All solid sense and goodness they despise,
From outward forms their foolish raptures rise;
If Strephon's honest this he'll say is true,
I'm always right, at least thought so by you;
I've for a season left the smoaky town,
And to my Country Village am come down;
Old fashion'd friends, I ever shall revere,
And new if they prove equally sincere;

In decent garb I ever wish to be,
But no Cork-Rump or Feather'd-Head for me.

LINES address'd to a GENTLEMAN.

(BY DESIRE,)

TO the Ladies request 'tis high time to attend,
Yet there's something ungrateful in lashing a
friend,
But as merits and failings shall each have their due,
I'll venture to give my opinion of you:
A strange composition when all's said and done,
But a Monkey has tricks and we laugh at the fun,
In music you are charming, your temper is mild,
You can speak like a Chatham, and act like a child;
Two Ladies in raptures each wish to excel,
And are anxious to be the most favorite Belle,
The thought is distressing, your spirits must flutter,
I don't love to blab, but 'tis H——n and R——r.

LINES occasioned by the Death of Miss RICHARDS.

A Friend is gone! whose loss we must deplore:
Ah! sad reflection, *Richards* is no more!
Severe was fate, in snatching her away,
But kindred Angels, cou'd not bear delay;
Few months are past! since last we bid adieu!

For

For different prospects then were in our view,
 Yet these examples teach us all to *know*,
 The great *uncertainty* of all things below.
 The youth Palemon, doated on the Fair,
 And saw her Virtues, as they *really were*;
 Disclos'd his passion, met with her consent,
 And *thought*, his schemes were founded on content---
 But ah! alas! what transitory joys,
 Maria's Death! his promis'd bliss destroys:
 Who can describe? his agony and woe!
 Or pen can *paint*? what he *must undergo*!
 Cou'd tears prevail! how many weeping eyes,
 Wou'd *join with his* to tempt her, from the Skies!
 A just compassion, *sure*, would touch that *mind*,
 Which here was *gentle*, and sincerely *kind*:
 The gen'rous disposition, reigns above,
 Distinguish'd, in the peaceful realms of love,
 As resignation, is the *Christian's* part,
 A just reflection, may abate the smart,
 All earthly joys, are intermix'd with care
 Blended with *Hope, Anxiety, Despair*!
 Maria's goodness, claim'd a better fate,
 Celestial comforts, in a future state.

OLIVIA.

Nov. 20th, 1778.

The

The GENTLEMAN and TROUT,

A FABLE.

TO country scenes I now repair,
 And leave the town for wholesome air,
 Those rackets all our bliss destroy;
 I long to taste of rural joy.
 Farewel to masquerade and rout,
 I'll quit the Ladies for a Trout.
 Excuse me for this short excursion,
 'Tis but exchanging my diversion:
 Perhaps, in winter, I again
 May strive to lay a bait for them.
 In what I say, there sure is reason,
 All things are best when most in season;
 To pass away a tedious night,
 A Woman's prattle's my delight;
 But on a pleasant summer's day,
 I with the fishes love to play,
 Which are as easy to ensnare,
 As is the most unguarded fair.
 A Trout, on hearing what was said,
 Beneath an arch conceal'd it's head,
 And knowing he was out of danger,
 Thus ventur'd to accost the stranger.
 „ Ungrateful man ! you are mistaken,
 I in your snare will not be taken;

But

But by your sentiments I know,
 You glory in another's woe.
 This to my kindred I'll relate,
 Left they shou'd suffer by your bait:
 'Tis strange, that every simple boy,
 Must our domestic peace destroy.
 If once the dangerous net is thrown,
 My Spouse and daughters are your own;
 In this they're taken in by dozens,
 From dearest wives to second cousins,"

To hear the Trout make this reply,
 In haste the youth away did fly,
 By his precipitate retreat,
 He in the angle caught his feet;
 And being upon tender ground,
 The bank gave way, and he was drown'd.

M O R A L.

Let this a lesson be to those,
 Who love to sport with other's woes;
 For trust me, they will soon or late
 Be caught themselves in their own bait.

The H I N T.

A S O N G, written in 1776.

I.

AMONG the great faults that to Women belong,
The chiefest of errors is judging too wrong;
'Tis folly to answer for things out of fight,
But now might I fix, sure my choice would be right.

II.

To reckon my Swains up from William to Giles,
I perhaps may have been in eclipse between whites;
But now there's no danger at Ahley's or White's,
For my mind to say truth is set wholly at rights.

III.

If beauty and youth can soft passion inspire?
It mirth and good humour all ladies admire?
It makes me much wonder that wrong should delight,
For all that is amiable surely is right,

IV.

If still you should think as I finish my song,
That inclining to right I am certainly wrong;
Remove the first letter from him I would cite,
And this must convince you my meaning is right.

A LETTER

A LETTER in VERSE, to a LADY.

THE request of my friend is to mention in rhyme,
 Since I parted from her, how I spent all my time,
 But alas ! it appears a most difficult task,
 Yet I cannot refuse you the favour you ask.
 Well then, to the subject—I never have been
 At so charming a place as the Brighthelmstone Steine.
 In domestic employ now my thoughts are confin'd,
 And pleasing reflections amuses my mind—
 But still I am sorry, my friend, to disclose
 We cannot be with you the time you propose,
 But a fortnight longer is no great delay,
 If Miss P—— will do us the favour to stay ;
 Prolong but your visit my joy to complete,
 That we once more may have the pleasure to meet !
 Believe me, your absence will wholly destroy,
 Defeat all my schemes, and much lessen my joy ;
 But if it so happens, I cannot prevail,
 Let me have your objections to relish the tale.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A CLERGYMAN.

IF elegance of stile can please the ear,
 And make religion what it is appear ;
 His precepts so refin'd must reach the heart,
 And pleasure to the hearer's mind impart.
 Laws strictly just, not rigid, nor severe ;
 A pleasing manner, and a doctrine clear.

E

Tho'

Tho' to reform he lends a christian's aid,
 He don't compel, yet wishes to persuade.
 When he chastiseth 'tis with scripture truths,
 As from the word of God he gives us proofs :
 His wishes are to regulate our lives,
 Subdue our passions, and like him be wise.

To the Memory of Mrs. M—

THO' to the grave the body is confin'd,
 Merits there are, which still remain behind :
 And shall I then ungratefully conceal
 What friendship says, is justice to reveal.
 Benevolence and Charity adorn'd her mind,
 The best perfections, sure, in woman-kind :
 She saw the ties of nature thrown aside,
 But as a parent has those wants supply'd ;
 To render kindness was her whole delight,
 What conscience dictates, surely, must be right,
 And by this noble action she has shewn,
 This without int'rest was her guide alone.

Lines written in December, 1774.

AT this dull season melancholy reigns,
 The mind uneasy, altho' free from pains :
 But let us now our drooping spirits cheer,
 With the near prospect of the next new year ;

Reflect

Reflect upon the blessings we enjoy,
 Nor let false notions all our bliss destroy.
 Physician's aid, Apothecary's pills,
 Will not remove imaginary ills.

The real pleasures that on earth we find
 Proceeds from this tranquillity of mind:
 As conscience dictates follow but its rules,
 A better lesson than is taught at schools;
 To cloath the naked, succour the distressed—
 Relieve the troubles of an anxious breast.
 By these proceedings, we shall quickly find
 Man's greatest treasure is a peaceful mind;
 And sure religion and the use of reason,
 Compels us to observe the present season.

Addressed to a Young Lady.

THOU' youth and bloom all hearts must charm,
 Remember this my friend;
 Yet far superior virtues those,
 Which never have an end.

Learn such perfection to secure
 As will enrich the mind;
 It must proceed from this alone,
 You can true pleasure find.

The blush that now adorns your cheek,
 With other charms must fade;
 Nor will the swains in rapture say,
 "She reigns a beauteous maid,"

Yet far more pleasing is the thought,
 That you have that in store;
 Will every virtuous heart engage,
 When beauty is no more.

The MISTAKES of a NIGHT.

IF the muses *assist*, I may surely engage,
 To write something droll on this blund'ring age;
 As to those at St. James's I'll leave to the witty,
 And only relate the mistakes in the City,
 In a very short time I can numbers repeat;
 I'll begin in Cheapside, and go down Friday-Street;
 But on recollection suppose I refrain---
 Least I find in the end it is labour-in-vain,
 But as some to my knowledge have lately been brought,
 It may furnish a hint, unto *those*, who want *thought*.
 A party of Ladies, assembl'd together,
 On a very *cold night*, and in *very bad weather*,
 Agreed to take coach, tho' the distance was finall,
 As in *slippery times*, many meet with a *fall*.
 The coachman in liquor went wrong, as it seems,
 And they frighted the footman away with their screams;
 A watch-

A watchman at last by their earnest desire,
 Brought a light and conducted them into the mire;
 At two in the morning and quite unprotected,
 Deserted by husbands, what may be expected?
 Believe me if women were all of my mind,
 They wou'd seek for redress on the first they cou'd find.
 And like my good friends who fell into the fray,
 To the clerk I wou'd go and wou'd *morris* away.

LINES address'd to an ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

EXCUSE the freedom of an absent friend,
 Who does in verse to you her wishes send:
 Love is my motive, and let that prevail
 On Doctor M——y to regard my tale.
 Altho' to him I am but little known,
 I must confess my heart is all his own;
 It is no fiction——what I say is true,
 My whole delight is center'd, Sir, in you.
 No youthful sparks cou'd ever me engage;
 I always give the preference to age;
 In that respect I beg you'll have no fears,
 (Unlike my sex) I love *a man in years*.
 Some nymphs perhaps in their coquetting way
 May blame my choice, and foolishly may say,
 Marry the Doctor why you're surely mad!
 "Upon my word he is a pleasing lad."

I value

I value not their sneers if you'll agree,
 I with great joy will end my life with thee,
 And in this thought continually delight,
 None can reflect unless 'tis out of spite.
 A Lady's blushes you're too good to claim,
 Which to prevent I must conceal my name.

AN ADDRESS to a GENTLEMAN'S LIBRARY.

THIS is the source from whence all pleasure springs,
 Books are improving, entertaining things :
 A friendly hint conveys unto the mind,
 Some things severe, and others much too kind.
 Suppose their doctrines prove upon extremes,
 The Author speaks exactly what he means,
 Don't let his candour raise an angry look---
 How simple 'tis to quarrel with a book ?
 Our sentiments, perhaps, may not agree,
 We can't command our thoughts, they must be free.
Churchill and *Ovid* very diff'rent prove,
 One writes on politics, the other love ;
 Their wit and genius greatly they display,
 The humour pleases in a diff'rent way ;
 Each virtue claims a due degree to merit,
 For both those subjects should be wrote with spirit.
 Some dispositions are inclin'd for satire ;—
 None can avoid the failings of their nature,

An

An hour in sermons I can pass away ;
 With equal pleasure read a moral play.
 If mirthfully inclin'd, let *Hudibras* come in,
 Take good from bad, and sift away the sin.
 I won't disguise my thoughts, my words, or looks,
 I really love variety——in books,
 They all afford some pleasing recreation,
 From *Hudibras* to *Harvey's* meditation.
 Send what you please, I have indeed no choice,
 Both prose and verse do equally rejoice.

ADDRESSED to a LADY.

SINCE Flavia you desire to see.
 Those Lines which are compos'd by me ;
 If really worthy your inspection,
 To send them I have no objection,
 And think you have too much good nature,
 To turn my verses into satire :
 To please my friend's my only aim,
 I write for this, and not for fame :
 We covet what is others due ;
 But Fame, alas ! Fame dwells with you.

Addressed.

Addressed to a Gentleman on his courting a Lady.

WHAT means friend W—— all this gloom,?
 Your usual chearfulness assume,
 And never let a woman's frown,
 Make you dejected, or cast down,
 I hate that simple, cruel sex
 Who triumph if they can but vex.
 I dreamt that you the other night,
 In haste did to a Lady write,
 But she regardless of your pain,
 Receiv'd it with a cold disdain,
 And with a kind of haughty sneer,
 Said, "Lord this stuff is mighty queer,
 " I wonder what the man can mean!"---
 This was the purport of my dream.
 Methought, I said, in angry mood,
 " The vixen, sure, is monstrous rude."
 But W—— you yourself must blame;
 By flatt'ry you have made her vain.
 Now I have heard, in times of old,
 Strange things in dreams, have been foretold,
 But if you still will persevere,
 Nor to my precepts lend an ear,
 Reap the reward of all your pains,
 And rattle in a woman's chains.

Signed,

MENTOR.

TO

T O T H E S A M E.

I Lately made a short excursion,
 To take the country's diversion ;
 And as I was one day a-walking,
 Behind some trees, two nymphs were talking ;
 As in this pleasant, sweet retreat,
 They were retir'd to a seat :---
 I listen'd to their pleasing chat,
 Which was of this, and then of that ;
 But my surprise was not a little,
 At hearing, Sir, the name of W—,
 And when the breezes were quite still,
 In softer accents,—Tower-hill,
 My curiosity was great
 To learn the end of this debate ;
 And with the most profound attention,
 Heard ev'ry word they chose to mention.
 “ Pray, (says the youngest of the two,)
 “ Advise me, Delia, what to do,
 “ For I have had a second letter,
 “ But silence would have pleas'd me better ;
 “ He dwells so much on mad romance,
 “ I wish the fellow was in France.”
 What she reply'd, I won't reveal,
 And all which follow'd shall conceal ;
 For honour tells me, 'tis not fair,
 The ladies secrets to declare ;
 This fatal plot, I did discover,
 That you had own'd yourself a Lover :

Indeed, friend W——, you're to blame,
 I find my precepts were in vain ;
 All female magic disbelieve,
 For in the end 'twill you deceive.

Signed,

MENTOR.

ADVICE TO A GAY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

WOULD you an old man's council take,
 Forbear young friend to be a rake ;
 The tempting snares which now surround you,
 With their allurements may confound you ;
 But know from me, whose age has taught,
 And my experience dear have bought,
 All happiness will you forsake,
 If once you do commence a rake ;
 Regardless let the nymphs pass by,
 Nor on them cast a wishful eye ;
 Let it be all the same to you,
 Whether their eyes are black, or blue ;
 For trust me they will you ensnare,
 With their enticing looks and air :
 Perhaps, you will not take my word,
 And call such reas'ning quite absurd,
 But women does all peace destroy,
 Remember, Sir, the siege of Troy.

Th

The BANTAM COCK and CHICKEN.

A FABLE.

A Bantam cock both proud and vain,
 The busiest of the cackling train,
 Resolv'd before it was too late,
 Among the fowls to find a mate;
 For being of the pigmy race,
 The chickens held him in disgrace;
 And he, like other simple men,
 Despis'd a prudent, aged hen.---
 As he upon a dunghill stood,
 Reflecting on a neigh'ring brood,
 He view'd a fowl with great delight,
 And cry'd in extacy, "'tis *White*!
 "Tho' in my nature somewhat small,
 "In wisdom I excel them all;
 "And surely then I may aspire,
 "To what I do so much admire."
 With strutting air, he thus addresses,
 First bows, and scrapes, and then caresses.
 The fowl inferior in its station,
 Was pleas'd with Banty's declaration,
 And therefore he is not debarr'd,
 From visiting this neighb'ring yard.
 The creature looks so wond'rous wise,
 He's sure a lawyer in disguise.----
 It may be so----for they like apes,
 Appear in many diff'rent shapes.

He

He now upon his dunghill crows,
 And struts, and rises on his toes.----
 With scripture phrase I must conclude,
 The inference cannot be rude)
 But strange, it would not be at all,
 If he who thinks he stands, should fall;
 For females tho' of diff'rent kind,
 Are fickle, and may change their mind.

WHEN I view my performance what terrors arise!
 My Friends may applaud what the Critic's despise;
 But the Author still hopes for their kindest constructions,
 Pray don't be severe on a females productions;
 She solicits their candor to her wishes attend!
 Let humanity prompt and her fears have an end;
 Tho' errors conspicuous appear to her view,
 The Flights of her Fancy she'll render to you.

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